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*"What fools these Mortals be"*



# Puck

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OLD KING COAL'S CROWN IN DANGER.



And they whispered and they blustered  
And the quaint poke bonnets clustered—  
On the mart!

Bits of town news were compared,  
Ancient scandals once more aired,  
Pedigrees brought up and bared—  
From the start!  
While the huckster lost his ire,  
Rolled away with creaking tire,  
And a jug of "Holland fire"—  
In his cart!

Victor A. Hermann.



#### JUST SO.

UNCLE LAZZENBERRY.—By heck, Tim! Ye are gittin' old.

UNCLE TIMROD (*sourly*).—Wa—al, you 're con sumin' just as much time as I am, gol-ram ye!

#### A MORNING AT THE OLD MARKET.

**W**ITH the red morn came the rumbling  
Of the farm carts and the stumbling  
Of the bumpkins and the tumbling—  
Of the loads!

Cauliflower, damp and rifted,  
Kale and cabbage that was sifted  
With the sand the wheels had lifted—  
From the roads!

And the hucksters spread their wares,  
Deftly hid the flaws and tears,  
Stood the emerald stewing pears—  
Up like toads!

Where the apple-carts were spilling,  
And the market baskets filling,  
Came the dames with pence and shilling—  
To the sale!  
Came to where the stalls were heaping,  
Vowed that every price was steeping,  
Vowed they saw the white mold peeping—  
Through the kale!

Pressed the pears, to see if mellow,  
Frowned upon a melon yellow,  
Told the irate market fellow—  
It was stale!  
Here it was the gossips mustered.



#### WHAT IT MEANT.

"I see Jerrold has advertised 'a bar, stock and fixtures' for sale—what does he mean by that?"

"Oh! He simply wants to sell his yacht."





APPARENTLY.

MAMA.—He must be getting his teeth.

PAPA.—Should n't wonder. He certainly doesn't seem to want anything else!

#### THE DIET REFORMER.



ONCE upon a time there was a student of sociology who discovered that a family of four could live in health, comfort and happiness at an expense of twenty-four and a-half cents a day. He used to write to the papers about it, telling the masses just how it could be done, and holding up to scorn a rival sociologist who had been sending in his plans and specifications calling for an expenditure of thirty-two and a-half cents for a family of four. This extravagant person he denounced as a gourmand and an epicure. His bills of fare were too appetizing, thereby leading people to eat more and thus plunge into reckless expense which our sociologist's system avoided. Still, the masses, deaf to appeals and arguments, continued to live on the fat of the land or as much of it as they could pay for, and our sociologist began to think that practice might be more efficacious than precept. He had a family of four and one day he formally requested them to allow him to experiment on them, or, rather, to use them as a demonstration for the enlightenment of the public. At this point he discovered what trouble really was. Charity may begin at home, but Reform usually finds it more convenient to start somewhere else. He had long suspected that the family considered him a fool, but when

he made his proposition they relieved his mind of any doubts on the subject.

The upshot of it was that he left them and went to live alone to experiment on himself. It cost him more, of course, than it would have cost the family per capita, but still the result justified his most sanguine expectations. For two months he lived on eighteen and one-quarter cents a day. The following month he cut it down to sixteen and three-quarter cents. The next month the average was sixteen and one-eighth cents, and would have been lower only that one day he relapsed and blew himself to a square meal. He has visions in which he can see man living on enthusiasm alone, and, beyond that, a time when existence will be carried on not only without expense, but with a profit. But all this is in the dim and distant future.

For a long time to come, he fears, man will continue to eat.

Wm. E. McKenna.



STAND FROM UNDER!

MISS HIPPO.—Oh, dear me! Will some one please catch me?  
—I'm going to faint.

#### AN INQUIRY.

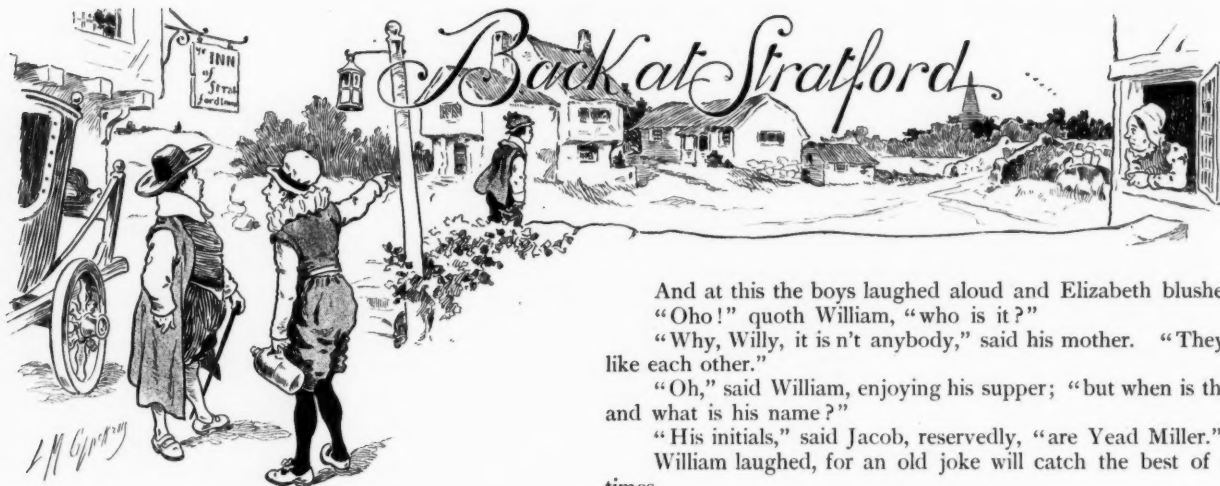
PUFFINGTON (*proudly*).—  
I am a self-made man!  
GRIMSHAW (*languidly*).—  
H'm! Invent those ears yourself?

#### HIS IDEA.

UNCLE JOSH.—And what is a close corporation?  
UNCLE HIRAM.—Oh! I s'pose it's one of them all-fired mean ones.

HAPPINESS is a fish which selfishness never catches.

**E**xperience may not be worth what it costs, but that's what you have to pay for it.



II.



SO WILLIAM SHAKSPERE sat at the board and ate in state like a king, with his father and mother and brothers and sisters about him for courtiers, and he was never hungrier and happier in his life. "O Will!" said sister Elizabeth, "let me see your new ring." "Willy always had such pretty hands," said his mother; "I used to think his hands were the cunningest. They were so cunning." "I suppose the rest of us had hands like a stone-mason's," said Jacob. "And once," continued his mother, "he burned his hand on the andiron. He did not cry at all — just two big tears rolling down his cheeks; and he said, 'That iron hate me.' He always used to say, 'Take the poor baby.'" But no heed was paid to this sentimental reminiscence. "Father," said William, "are they going to run you for mayor again?" "It would be too much care for Father," said Mrs. Shakspeare. "I do not think he would take it now." "The trouble is," said William, "a man is not appreciated in a little place like this." "I think, Willy," said his mother, "that we are best off here." "I think so, too," said Elizabeth, warmly. "Certainly," cried Mary, "you don't think it dull here."

And at this the boys laughed aloud and Elizabeth blushed. "Oho!" quoth William, "who is it?" "Why, Willy, it is n't anybody," said his mother. "They only like each other." "Oh," said William, enjoying his supper; "but when is the day and what is his name?" "His initials," said Jacob, reservedly, "are Yead Miller." William laughed, for an old joke will catch the best of us at times. "Is he a king among men, Lizzie?" "He is worth about two sovereigns," said Henry. "I don't care if he is n't worth a farthing," said Elizabeth; "he is n't mean and miserable, and —" Here poor Elizabeth went off to cry. But that is one nice thing about a large family: one can always be spared to cry; and as Elizabeth when crying felt that she was suffering for Mr. Miller, her happiness was heightened rather than impaired. From her lonely room hearing the merry din without, she felt sad and deserted with much satisfaction; she was transported to the world of romance and considered that William and the rest knew little of love. For the glory of the evening William's mother, by private signs, directed Henry to build a fire in the fireplace; Henry, by private signs, directed Jacob to do it; and Jacob, by private signs, directed little Orlando to do it. But Orlando, by confidential symbolism, refused to accept the appointment, and a silent but resolute strife arose between them. William, who was never extremely dumb to what passed about him, immediately became aware of the strife and, turning about, he surprised the youths in their physiognomical conflict. It was old times again, and William laughed and the boys laughed and they all went out boisterously for the green logs. A festival procession brought the logs in to a foolish song. Mr. Shakspeare — old times were so fully restored — directed the laying of the logs and their scientific disposition upon the pyre, the boys not having yet acquired the deep skill and art. Lizzie, having



MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

THE CADDY.—Hully Gee! I never thought old Leo was such an expert golfer.  
THE GOLFING MONK.—Expert? Why, the dub did n't know what "Fore" meant!  
THE CADDY.—G'wan! Just listen to him swear!



## PUCK

feigned some pretext to come forth, did not return to her shrine of sorrow. There are no raptures so deep as those of love and poetry, but sometimes we must give over their deep delights and enjoy ourselves. Mrs. Shakspeare had wax candles lit in the silver candlesticks that were hers as Mary Arden, and in the candle-light and the fire-light, all the old family sat together.

The stories they told would never be preserved in any history but one of this kind. Mr. Shakspeare told of youthful feats of wrestling and running, and how he received a basting for going swimming contrary to orders the Summer he was thirteen. The second generation told of punishments they had received without cause; and these tales being received with incredulity, they boasted of good causes that went without punishment. William told of things that had happened in London which were merry and unparalleled. It was sometimes thought in the family that William added invention to his facts and even solemn facts to go with his additions, so that there was a spirit of adventure in listening to his stories like that of riding on a ship in a dream, and going through breakers and over shoals and even over islands and hills—but always slipping off into clear water on the other side without starting a nail.

And the home-brothers had tales to tell. They imitated the worthy people of the town in their words of avarice or vanity or simple garrulosity so that the parents expostulated at the disrespect and wiped away tears of laughter. Young Orlando, of whom so much was not expected, he being of a freckled and respectful disposition, represented in character three different persons, being Old John Naps, Mrs. Old John Naps and Matilda, the daughter, in an endless bickering over cards. And to show that he was not overweighted by the three, he introduced the serving-maid and the ancient grandfather as umpires of their mutiny, and got the five more entangled than the three. And the young people, who never had had a pain between their shoulders, and the old people who were glad to be merry once more, laughed till their faces were like wet cloaks ill-laid up.

Then some one said it was a great pity William had not brought home a new play to read. No; I will be frank: it is only fair to the poorer and vainer writers of the world. It was William himself who said he had brought home a play to read. It was even William. He drew the new MS. from the bag and the applause when he read it was richer to him than all that ever burst from box and pit.

"Is n't it good?" they said.

"It is all right," said William.

Even in those old days time flew when it was a merry time. It was but a space and the next day had come. The boys were returning from a long walk across country to the farm that belonged to Mary Arden. They stopped in the edge of a wood and cut



AT THE CLUB.

"Going to get married, eh? Will she resign?"

"Oh, no! I understand that she means to apply for a leave of absence to extend over the honeymoon."

their names and the date on a beech tree, and after walking on, they looked back; the sun was setting behind the wood, and the carving on the beech tree was already beginning to grow old.

The stage was to leave from the Old Inn in the early morning. About the breakfast board all was cheerfulness and haste; Mary

Arden being the most cheerful as she had need to be, being the most sorrowful; but when the pretense of being intent on the breakfast was no longer available, and Will was going, she cried and kissed him good-by, and told him to come soon again. The burly boys saw him out on the country road. They walked through the soft morning air telling old tales till the stage overtook them. And when he was riding away the boys called after him, "Good-by, Bill! Good-by, Bill!"



ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

"Yes! I'm deeply interested in chess."

"So am I. Though I'm afraid it's largely a scientific method of killing time."

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE"—  
Motto of the Office-seeker.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, the fool-killer need not necessarily be a lady-killer.

**If it be a fact that red-haired people never get bald, it simply shows how the fates do pursue a person when once they get after him.**



EN ROUTE WITH THE MACBOOTH-RANTINGTON COMPANY.

THE SOUBRETTE.—But, perhaps, he won't always be with a ten-twenty-thirty show.  
THE LEADING JUVENILE.—Perhaps not! Some enterprising manager may start a five-ten-twenty show! (NEX)

(Next town Basking Ridge.)

NO TROUBLE AHEAD.

BRIDESMAID. — I hope you will be happy, my dear.  
BRIDE. — Oh! I'm sure we will. You see, his mother died when he was very young, and he does n't remember anything about her cooking.



## ENJOYMENT.

ISAACS.—Oppenheimer, he likes automobiling even ven der merchine gets shtuck.

COHENSTEIN.—I subbose dot makes him t'ink of vot habbens to his greditors.

NOT POSTED.

FIRST SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—I reckon this new teacher don't know much.

SECOND SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—  
Why not?

FIRST SCHOOL TRUSTEE.—Well, I heerd her givin' out a sum about eggs at thirty-five cents a dozen. She can't know much about eggs.

A BORN ORATOR.

JOSH.—Must be a purty good speaker.

HIRAM.—I guess he is! Why, when yer listenin' to him he almost makes yer think that the hull fabric of the goverment, as he calls it, 'll be shook to pieces if Silas Scroggins ain't elected constable.



## TAKING TURNS.

MRS. TOWE.—I don't like this young man you 're engaged to.

MRS. UNDA TOWE. — Well,  
Mama, I 'll let you pick out the next one yourself.

## A CHANGE.

MRS. SQUIRREL.—Dear me! And in our early married life he used to save all the choice morsels for me!

QUIET.

PROPRIETOR OF RESORT.—We aim at quiet above all things.  
GUEST.—Yes; I've remarked that the table never groans.

OCCUPATION is a boon. Blessed is the man who is too busy to kick about his troubles.

*Some diplomats are born while others get married and acquire it gradually.*





## PUCK

### PUCK

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### CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE ISSUE OF FREEDOM.** PARTICULAR attention has lately been paid to Mr. Morgan. Ever since his return from Europe and the society of his fellow kings, the public eye has been continually focused upon him. Portions of the community, taught in the school of yellow journalism, have been watching him as the baby, at the camera's mouth, watches for the little bird, or as the small boy, at the vaudeville show, waits with breathless awe for the rabbit's exit from the hat. There has been a belief in such quarters that Mr. Morgan would say "Presto!" to the coal strike and thereupon it would vanish in thin air. But whatever his power in this direction, Mr. Morgan's magic presto was not uttered and the coal strike went on. An extraordinary feature of the incident appears to have been overlooked. In all seriousness, it was stated in print that unless Mr. Morgan took steps to break the deadlock in the coal region, legislation, hostile to his interests, would be passed in retaliation. We trust that nothing of the kind was ever said by persons in authority, because the reverse of the proposition would simply mean that legislative favors at present are dealt out for Mr. Morgan's special benefit. That is not what legislatures are for. The belief that Mr. Morgan has tremendous power is natural, in view of all that has been said and written about his operations, but there was no good reason at any time for assuming that he would, or could, force an immediate end to the coal strike. The issue at stake in Pennsylvania is whether a man has a right to work, unhampered and unmolested, or whether, on the other hand, his attempts to earn a living shall call for persecution, brutal assault and not infrequently, murder. There is no room here for arbitration, either by Mr. Morgan or anybody else and the sooner sentiment-alists realize it, the better.

**TALKING NONSENSE.** SOMEBODY is mistaken. The President's Anti-Trust demonstration recalls to mind the remarks of Senator Hanna on the same serious subject. President Roosevelt and Senator Hanna are both Republicans. Yet President Roosevelt is bent on fighting the Trusts while Senator Hanna avers that no Trusts exist and therefore none can be fought. The Senator at least is logical, but is he right? It is but just that we should know. When he reads of the President's campaign against Trust evils, the Senator's annoyance must be considerable, especially in view of his—Senator Hanna's—assurance that "there are no monopolies in this country except such as are protected by patents." Why was that assurance questioned? Contrary assumption by the President was in very poor taste. He misled his hearers again and again, it seems, by favoring federal supervision of trade monopolies. "When you talk about organized capital forming monopolies, you talk nonsense," said Senator Hanna, long before the President sallied forth. In other words, the President was talking nonsense when he sought to control that which did not exist. Nothing could be plainer. Ah! but perhaps there has been a misunderstanding. Perhaps Senator Hanna admits that Trusts have a being and denies merely the existence of Monopolies. No, that will scarcely do, for if Trusts did not enjoy a practical

monopoly in their special fields, the evil features of their operations would disappear and no Anti-Trust agitation would now disturb our national serenity. That remark of the Senator's about patents—no monopolies except those thus protected, and so forth—is entertaining as far as it goes; but, unfortunately, it stops too soon. Senator Hanna should make it clear, for instance, who patented anthracite coal so that a few railroads could monopolize the handling. Surely, there must be a patent somewhere on file, for we have it from the Senator's own lips that talk of monopoly on any other basis is nonsense. Not to continue indefinitely, what an interesting place the big Patent Office must be, filled as it is with patents on coal, steel, beef, oil and other triumphs of American inventive genius! We should like to have Senator Hanna show us through and explain them all in detail. President Roosevelt might also come along. Then the error of his ways would be made clear to him and he would quit "talking nonsense."

**OIL TO BURN.** OIL WAS not made for lamps alone; nor for the sudden creation of Texas millionaires. The scarcity of coal has prompted many a recent article on its advantages as fuel. Figuring out the probable cost of his Winter's warmth, via hard coal, the family man naturally grows wistful for a less expensive substitute. If fuel oil can run locomotives, battleships and blast furnaces, he wonders why, by a little diplomatic coaxing, it could not be induced to notice his modest heating apparatus down the cellar and run that, too. Likewise, that of his next-door neighbor. It is well known that oil fuel has been adopted by a number of American railroads, while in Europe representative vessels of Holland, Russia and Germany employ it with the highest degree of success. What has retarded it, then, in domestic circles? What, indeed, if not the old-fashioned hired girl? The girl whose explosive experience with green wood and the kerosene can furnished material for countless merry quips a decade ago and unconsciously, meanwhile, planted a deep-rooted household prejudice against oil in general. That prejudice should be removed under the influence of modern enlightenment. And, besides, the population of a country should patronize its infant industries. The Infant Coal Trust should not have a monopoly of our national nursing when little Standard Oil, in his padded go-cart, begs pitifully for attention.



### LOOKING FORWARD

**STOCKSON.**—Are the officers of your new oil company prudent and far-seeing men?

**TICKERTAPE.**—Are they? Why, they only own three shares each and we had to pay 'em to take them.



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FOLLOWING THE P  
His Music Enchants The Wo





LEADING THE PIPER.  
MORGAN ENCHANTS THE WORLD.

# PUCK

## THE BOOK CRIER.

IS OLD clay pipe with Trinidad smoulders,  
As slowly up Broadway's majestic scene  
He bears a banner, yoked upon his shoulders,  
From Bowling Green.

And, shifting through the strenuous panorama,  
The money-maker it invites to call  
For song and story, and the classic drama,  
At Bimley's stall,

Where Shakspeare, Hawthorne, Dickens, Poe and Dante,  
And all the laureled host engage the walls,  
A dingy but delightful sidewalk shanty  
Near old St. Paul's.

Benign his features as a hoary sage's;  
His head like Homer's; and a man he looks  
Who plods beneath his burden less for wages  
Than love of books.

Perhaps he was a poet as a stripling,  
And plied assiduous his melodious quill,  
As youth has done from Chaucer down to Kipling,  
And plies it still;



## JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

SAGEBUSH SAM.—They say Ike's going ter plead  
justifiable homicide.

DENVER DAN —Kin he prove it?

SAGEBUSH SAM.—He kin. He kin prove th' de-  
ceased dropped out uv th' poker game jest ez Ike hed  
drawed ter three aces an' got a pair o' kings.

A tinker at the tuneful trade—an old smith  
Who on his anvil beats the ringing rhyme;  
A fond, deluded Longfellow or Goldsmith,  
Or Keats sublime,

For whom the golden sheaves have never ripened,  
The harvest of a visionary lad:  
A strolling signboard on a slender stipend,  
A human ad!

Praise to his choice, in Broadway's splendid pageant  
To trumpet Helicon's mellifluous rills,  
And scorn to be an ignominious agent  
For pants or pills!

Praise to his preference, in the sordid city  
To teach the rusty soul and heart congealed  
That Bobby Burns still pours his melting ditty,  
And Eugene Field!

John Ludlow.

## NOT ENTIRELY IGNORANT.

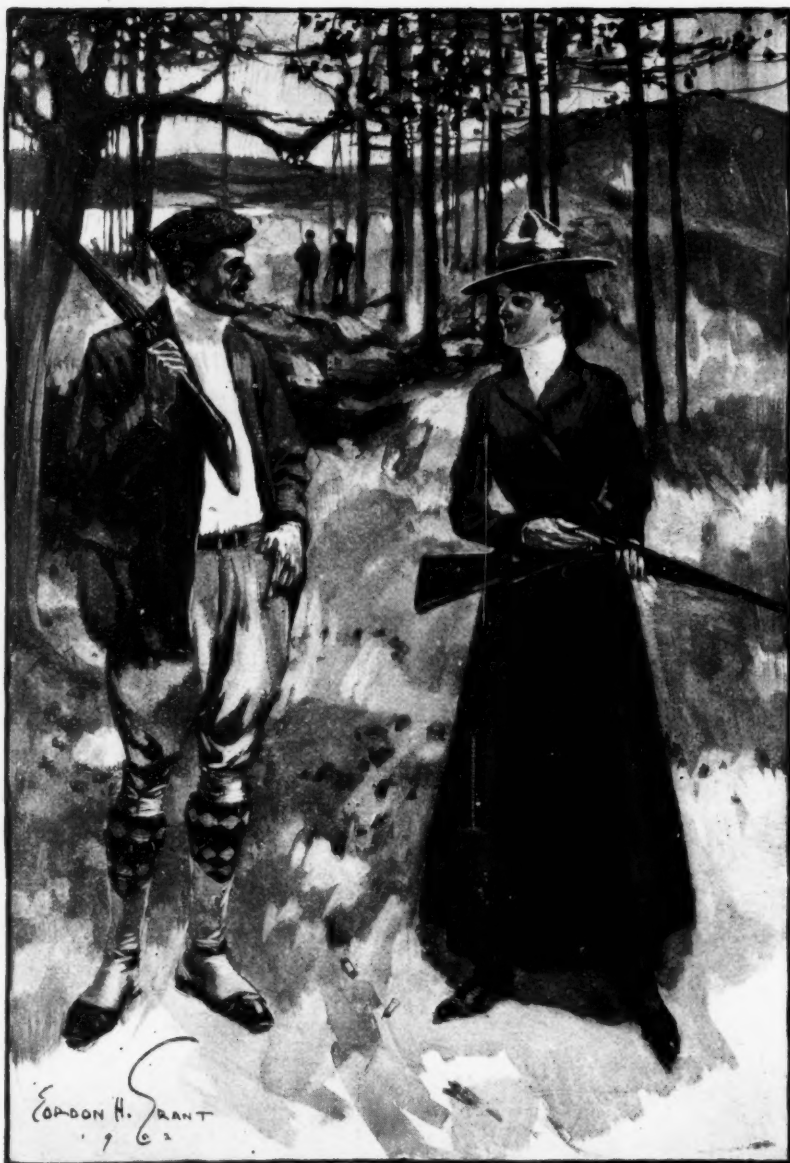
THE MISSIONARY.—But you don't know what we  
Christians teach.

THE CHINAMAN.—Oh, yes! Teach  
Chinaman love evlybody—cough  
up—forgive missionally!

## FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

"I'm just going to tell Mommer!"  
"Well, she told me I could have  
some fun with the blocks!"

WHEN YOU hear a man say he is no  
respector of persons, the chances  
are he is a great respector of the  
first person, singular.



## THE FIRST REQUISITE.

"She is quite satisfied with her progress."  
"Why, has she learned to shoot accurately?"  
"No; but she has learned to shoot gracefully."

**T** rue appreciation of art lies in an ability to see that which is not there.





#### HIS EXPERIENCE.

MARGARET.—I suppose I *am* fond of dress!

GRANDPA.—Oh, well, I never saw beauty unadorned except when it could n't help itself!

#### SENATORIAL ARGUMENT.

"I see our senator was knocked out in that last debate."

"Yes; he claims he was doped; but the truth is, he's getting old. He has plenty of science yet, but he can't stand punishment."

#### UNFAVORABLE.

The Microbe vowed he would never think of taking his family to Coney Island again on Sunday.

"The transportation facilities are simply wretched!" he exclaimed. "Not one skirt in a thousand touches the ground!"

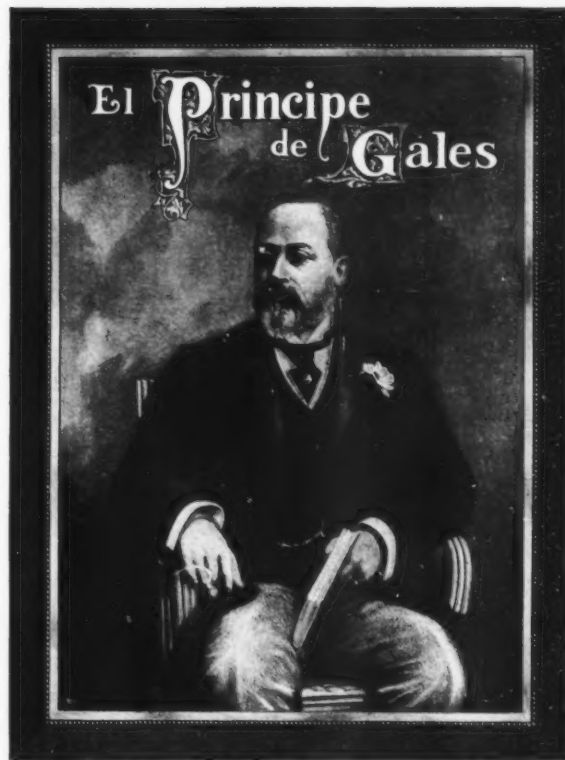
THERE IS a certain risk in going up in an airship, but you do escape collisions with automobiles until you come down.



#### REAL CRUEL

MR. FROG (*a masher*).—I'm sure we've met before, Miss Mouse, but perhaps I've grown some since then. Don't you recognize me?

MISS MOUSE.—I can't say that I do, sir;—you frogs grow so fast that one day you're tadpoles and the next day, sighs!



**NOW KING  
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"Ah kin mos' allus tell er ten-dollah-a-week clerk," said Charcoal Eph, ruminating, "by de way he step up an' buy a ten-cent seegah. Smoke dat, Mistah Jackson!"—*Baltimore News*.

"Oh! Cheer up!" exhorted the optimist. "Don't be so glum."

"I guess you'd be glum," retorted the humorous paragrapher, "if you had to hold a squalling baby in one arm while you wrote jokes with the other."

"But you can still write them. Suppose you had twins. You'd have to write with your feet."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," said the devotee, "aims to teach the truth, merely."

"By the way," replied the hard-headed man, "Christian Science was launched by a woman, was n't it?"

"Well, yes."

"Ah! That's why it's such a horribly bad shot, perhaps."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"YES-SIREE," remarked the man with the funny turn, impressively; "the automobile craze is on the decline, too."

The manufacturer looked up in surprise. "Why, what do you mean?" he asked.

"I have just been reading," the funny fellow replied, "that a big club on Long Island is going to hold a coasting test in a few weeks' time."—*Yonkers Herald*.

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can be made**

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Deities**

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kali in it—nothing but soap,

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# WILSON WHISKEY.

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### A WOMAN'S HEART.

SHE (*gently*).—I am afraid I do not love you enough to be your wife,  
but I shall always be your friend, and sincerely wish for your happiness.

HE (*moodily*).—I know what I'll do.

SHE (*anxiously*).—You surely will not do yourself an injury.

HE (*calmly*).—No; I will find happiness. I will marry some one else.

SHE.—Horrors! Give me another day to consider, dear.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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### THE SIGNIFICANCE.

GLADYS.—Ah, yes! His faults are but trifling—his virtues grand!

ETHEL.—You surprise me! I thought he was poor.

### WHAT HE ASKED FOR.

MR. JOHNSING.—Did you hear what Mistah Snowball asked for when he  
sent back his cup faw some moah tea?

MR. WASHINGTON.—No. Whaffur?

MR. JOHNSING.—He asked faw a cup of dat which inebriates but does not  
intoxicate.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A trial of two generations and more has been the  
test that proves Abbott's the Original Angostura Bit-  
ters to be the best tonic for family use.

**I Can Sell Your Farm**  
no matter where it is. Send description, state price and  
learn how. Est. '66. Highest references. Offices in 14 cities.  
**W. M. Ostrander, 1847 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia**

"BEGINS RIGHT, ENDS RIGHT, IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."—NEW YORK CENTRAL.



DETACHABLE.

MISS ANN TEEK.—I would like to go shopping with you, but the dentist is to fix up my teeth this afternoon, and it will take him at least an hour.

MISS SPEITZ.—Well, that 'll give us time. You can shop with me while he 's doing his work.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned child that sang "I want to be an angel?"—*Atchison Globe.*

*L. Garnier*

THIS SIGNATURE—L. GARNIER  
—APPEARS TWICE ON THE  
LABEL OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

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"Kind o'," answered Meandering Mike. "Course I could n't eat any more dan I does, but I 'd be saved de trouble o' sayin' 'much obliged' so often."—*Washington Star.*

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"PERHAPS you consider me slow," he ventured.

"Well," she replied, "I would n't be surprised if you 'd wake up some day and make some future Joe Jefferson famous."—*Philadelphia Press.*



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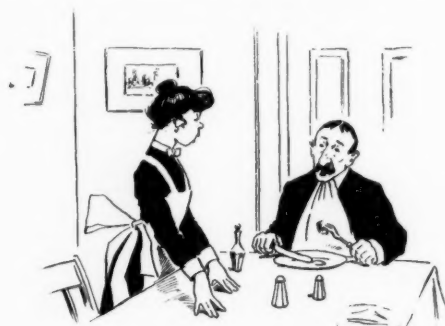
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De cow kick de milk over kaze she ain't got no sense; en folks stan' roun' en cry 'bout it kaze dey in de same fix ez de cow.

Dey ain't no marryin', or givin' in marriage in heaven; en I reckon dat 's w'y it 's said ter be sich a peaceful place.

Trouble don't las' forever; but it makes folks hop lak dey never had de rheumatism whilst it is keepin' comp'n'y wid 'em.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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